Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with revolt.
King. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou doſt belie him,
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devill alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne:
Send us your priſoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the devill come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunk with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your Uncle.
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will ſpeak of him, and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all thoſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th'ayre as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth have all my priſoners,
And when I urg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wives brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*,
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds w
Live ſcandaliz'd and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you, did King *Richard* the
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?
Nor. He did, my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountains ſtarve.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard* that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bullingbrook*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye under-wen